



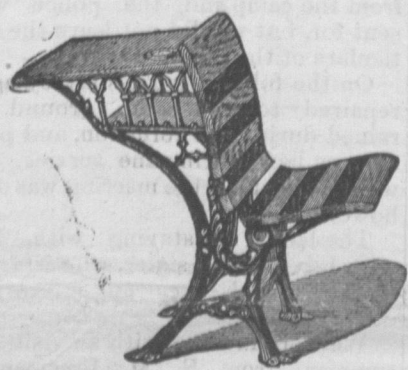
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1880.

NUMBER 36.

POETRY.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the vernal air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of strife,
Sings now an everlasting song
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again:
With joy we welcome them—the same
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

—Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

STORE TELLER.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The night, which will dwell in my memory with vivid distinctness while life and reason are left me, was in October a long while ago. I was at that time a telegraph operator stationed in a little Canadian town upon the Grand Trunk line railroad.

There was no means a model place of residence. There were beer-gardens, drinking saloons, and gambling houses out of all proportion to the more respectable shops and residences; we had two arrests of counterfeiters, and there was scarcely a day passed that there was not a brawl amongst the ruffians around us.

Still, there was a school. A timid, blue-eyed woman had come to teach there.

How long an unprotected woman might have lived there, I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there only three months when she consented to walk into church with me one day, and walked out my wife.

This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage, nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph office since our marriage.

Being the only man employed in telegraphic business in town, I was obliged to remain constantly in the office during the day and part of the evening, and Alice herself brought me my dinner and supper.

There was a small room next to the office, with a window, but only one door, communicating with a large room. Here Alice had fitted up a dressing-table, a mirror, washstand, and some shelves, where she kept pepper, salt and pickles for my office repasts. The two rooms were on the second floor of a wooden building, that stood alone.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen, and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half-past 7 o'clock, when one of the railway officials came in, all flurried, saying—
"Sterling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?"

The embankment was not a quarter of a mile from the office, on the east side.

"No; I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock had rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as the wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight up-train comes without warning there will be a horrible smashup."

"It must stop at Pottsville, then," I replied. "I will send a message."
"Yes. That is what I stopped in for. The down track is clear, so you need not stop that train."

"All right, sir."
I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper.

It was hot and I was cold, so I drew up a table, and opening can and basket, sat down to enjoy it. Time o'ugh for business, I thought, afterwards. As I ate we chatted.

"Any messages to-day?" my wife asked.

"One for John Martin."

"John Martin?" Alice cried; "the

greatest ruffian in the neighborhood, what was the message?"

"Midnight train!"

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr. Hill had just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Pottsville. The passengers must wait a few hours there, and come on in the morning after the track is cleared." "Have you sent the message, Robert?"

"Not yet. There is plenty of time. That train does not reach Pottsville till half-past eleven, and it is not yet eight. Yes—it is just striking."

"Better send it Robert. If there should be an accident, you would never forgive yourself. Send it, while I put some clean towels in the wash room and then I will come and sit with you till you can come home."

She went in the dressing room as she spoke, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office.

I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in the town, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head, and John Martin spoke—

"Mr. Hill was here to tell you to stop the up train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—but there for that purpose. There is fifteen thousand in gold on the train. Do you understand?"

"You would risk all the lives in the train to rob it?" I cried, horror-struck.

"Exactly!" was the cool reply. "One fifth is yours if you will keep back the message. The money has been watched all the way along!"

I saw the whole diabolical scheme at once. If the train came, it would be thrown off at the embankment and easily plundered by the villains who would lie in wait there.

"Come," Martin said, "you will join us?"

"Never!" I cried, indignantly.

"We must force you, then. Tie him fast!"

I trembled for Alice. If only my life were at stake I could have born it better.

But even if we were both murdered, I could not take the blood of the passengers in the train upon my head.

Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied hand and foot to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move.

It was proposed to gag me, but they finally concluded that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, and a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash-room was closed and locked. Alice still undiscovered, and the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the steps of one of the men pacing up and down, watching.

I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief off my mouth, to fall round my neck.

I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, love! speak low; there is a man under my window."

"Are you alone in the room?"

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to Pottsville. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels here, knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into two wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim and reach Pottsville in time."

Don't fear for me. When you hear a hen cackling under my window, you will know I am safely on the ground."

Little Alice! My heart throbbed heavily as I heard her heroic proposal, but I dared not stop her.

"Heaven bless and protect you," I said, and listened for her signal.

Soon the cackling noise told me the first step of her perilous undertaking was taken.

It was dark, cloudy, and threatening a storm, and, as nearly as I could guess, close upon nine o'clock.

She had to go six miles, and I could only wait and pray.

I was too much stunned even yet to realize the heroism of this timid woman starting alone upon the dark ride, through a wild country with a storm threatening.

Nine o'clock!
As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash, told me a thunder storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour!

Ten o'clock.
The rain falling in torrents, the

thunder pealing, the lightning flashing! Alice was so afraid of lightning! Often I had held her white as death, trembling, almost fainting, in such a storm as this.

Had she feared to start, with the storm in prospect, or was she lying somewhere on the wild road, overcome with terror, or perhaps stricken with lightning?

Eleven o'clock.
The storm was over, the night was inky black—no sound to cheer me, none to make the hideous suspense more endurable.

A host of possibilities, like frightful nightmares, chased one another through my tortured brain.

Would the next hour ever pass? Once the clock tolled midnight, all was safe.

I was drenched with perspiration wrung from me by mental agony for one hour, chilled with horror the next. No words can describe the misery of waiting as the minutes dragged slowly along.

In the dead silence a far-off sound struck a thrill of horror to my heart, far exceeding even the previous agony.

Far, far away, a faint whistle came through the night air. Nearer and nearer, then the distant rumble of the train growing more and more distinct.

The midnight up train was coming swiftly, surely, to certain destruction!

Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved?

I tried to move, and writhed in impotent fury upon my chair, forcing the cruel cords to tear my flesh as I vainly tried to loosen even one hand.

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at my station; but as I listened every sense sharpened by my mental torture it seemed to me that the speed slackened. Listening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding walls and groans from the injured passengers, but gradually and carefully.

A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours, till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were around my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear—

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free! The villains left the key in the door! I thought of that before I started, but there was a man at the front watching. I crept round the house and I saw him, so I did not dare to be seen."

"But have you been to Pottsville?"

"Yes, sir."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Pottsville the train had not come up."

"But it is here!"

"Only the locomotive and one carriage. In that carriage were a sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run in here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke, my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the dark, found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and in another moment light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect! Now, old fellow for you!"

A dozen clasp knives at once served my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting.

The would-be assassins and robbers went sent for trial, and would have escaped had not John Martin, on his death-bed, turned Queen's evidence. His ante-mortem testimony sent the survivors to penal servitude.

Alice and I left for a more civilized community the following year. But before we went there was an invitation sent us to meet a committee from the railroad company at Pottsville. We accepted; had a dinner, were toasted and complimented, and then Alice was presented with a silver tea-service, as a testimonial from the passengers upon that threatened down train, the company and railroad directors, in token of their gratitude for their lives and property saved by our heroine.

Dollars, it is often remarked, do not grow on every bush. If they grew on every other bush it would satisfy the most of us.—*Boston Transcript.*

From Nadir to Zenith.

BY "MIGNON."

Astronomers tell us, that from the surface of the earth, an imaginary line stretches perpendicularly upward, until it penetrates the celestial arch and far away in the blue ether finds its zenith. For aught that mortals know it pierces the veil that shuts from view the realms of the blessed. The other way, it extends far downward through subterranean caverns, and touches its nadir, where Pluto reigns and the lost soul wails its everlasting dirge.

Along this line men's fancies have reared a ladder, connecting earth and sky. It is unlike that which Jacob saw in his dream, for upon this, men, not angels ascend and descend. This is the grand scale by which, since the fall in Eden, fame has graduated the characters of the human race.

This earth was originally fitted for a Paradise, with—

Shady trees and leafy bowers,
Grasses green and blooming flowers.

'Twas a lovely garden in which stood the Tree of Life, but over against it stood also the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil. Well might it have been a place of unique beauty and spotless purity, for 'twas the birth-place of the human race—the bower, through whose winding walks and shady groves, our first parents wandered all unconscious of the darkening future and the curse which was to drive them from their Eden home. The tempter came into this earthly paradise in the form of a serpent, and with his wily flatteries enticed the mistress of this fair abode to eat—

"Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world and all our woe." She fell—and with the mother fell her myriad race. Man, who was created a little lower than the angels,

"Midway from nothing to the Deity," man formed in the very image of his Creator and destined to reign in this fair province of the universe, has fallen and wanders an exile from his native paradise. From the companionship of angels and direct intercourse with his Maker, he has been banished From the Supreme elevation of a perfect work of the Divine hand, by one false step he becomes the moral wreck of time.

The first man occupied a position on this fancied ladder, far above what any mortal has since attained. His fall was greater and more disastrous in its consequences than that of any of his posterity. From his sad experience, down through the ages, the foremost spirits of time have planned and struggled to reach the zenith of this ladder. Many have shot upward, rocket like and like the rocket, disappeared in the gleaming fragments of their own explosion. Many have climbed best to fall. Some have wasted their lives rising and sinking like the ignis fatuus, disappointing the hopes of beholders and deceiving themselves. It is strangely true, too, that some of the highest characters upon the rounds of this long and difficult way, have not reached their envied elevation by their own climbing, or during their own life time, for the dead sometimes travel upward mingling their footsteps with the living. Their own generation, may have consigned them to common graves, but they could not remain there. The native grandeur of their character, and sterling value of their thoughts, by an inevitable law, gravitated upward. The grave, with its forgetfulness, could not defraud them of deserved immortality of fame. Around the base of this fancied heaven reaching pathway, lie hundreds of broken and still brilliant fragments of lofty purposes and intense aspirations. The brightest intellects and most stubborn wills have been wrecked. This is the ladder of fame, and upon those who stand upon it, the eyes of a gazing world look and wonder. But all are not renowned on account of the height they have reached. There are Judases and Neros, whose memory among men is undying, because of the depth to which they have sunk, while a few have risen to angelic heights. Alas! how many have gone down to the dark, dismal level of fiends. If the zenith of this ladder reaches the Empyrean, its nadir enters the Tartarean. Some rise with steady and sure step, careless of the eyes watching them. Their aim is the eternal mansions, toward which they are wending. They are heedless of the applause, or envy behind them. How many never desire to advance beyond the ken of the gazers below. Their inflated vanity would, balloon like, hang in mid-heaven, an object of amazement to the wonder stricken multitude of a far below world.

Some natures are created to burrow in the earth, their instincts all tend downward; others are formed to climb. They sometimes descend and grope among the rubbish, but it is with fear and watchfulness. Others are fitted to soar, they have been gifted with wings. They love the serene heights, whence they can view the

creeping things of the earth beneath. Their horizon embraces "the everlasting hills." They hold converse with heaven's starry flock; which "one by one come down the fields of air." So it is with men, often you see placed side by side in the morning of life, one who will sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, and sink to deeper depths of degradation and shame, and another, who nobly climbs to higher heights and plants his banner far above—

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Was not attained by sudden flight,
But while their companions slept,
Went toiling upward in the night."

"Excelsior," has been the motto of the earnest men of all ages. It was the principle which actuated Germany's noblest son—Martin Luther—from the time, when a boy, he sang in the streets for bread, to the time when a monk, he dared alone to raise his voice against the monstrous evils of Catholicism. The same motto guided him through dangers on every side, and prompted him to speak in thunder-tones, the truths which shook the world and made his name immortal. It has ever been the student's watchword, and urged him onward and upward. It has echoed its tones in the warrior's ears, and made him valiant and brave. It has invoked the lyre of the poet's muse, and won for him laurel wreaths of fame. The great dramatist the world ever knew—England's native bard—Shakespeare carved his way upward from a waiter boy, in the streets of London, and reached the zenith of the ladder of fame. The ploughboy of Scotland, Robert Burns, dreamed his first poem under the blue smoke, wreathing lazily upward from his little cottage home. He was brought up in the direst poverty, but he resisted adverse circumstances and almost reached the zenith. But, we all know too well that—

"In youth's lovely dangerous valley
'E'en the best directed feet,
Off may turn to stray and daily
Mid the bowers that chill and cheat."

And we cannot contemplate the character of this illustrious poet, without a sigh of regret, for he yielded to temptation, fell and made bad companionship with ignoble spirits. He was wanting, sadly wanting in that upright, stubborn adherence to truth, without which we find—

"Broken stairways where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb."

The worlds history is replete with names of honored warriors, who, in the march of life, have scaled the gilded summits of fame and planted a victor's banner at the zenith.

Well, may America be proud of the positions her sons have achieved. Lincoln—the lowly rail-splitter rising by his own exertions to the presidential chair, and daring to raise his arm and strike the blow, which broke the shackles of four million slaves. To-day his honored name is inscribed among those of the great and good on time's record, and it will remain unobscured, by the dust of ages, and undimmed by the passions and prejudices that attempted to sully his fair name. Higher, ever higher, is the language of that yearning immortal nature of man, that survived the fall in Eden. It ever urges upward, drawn irresistibly by the mighty magnet at the zenith. But, life is a constant struggle, man a perpetual warrior. To-day he is actuated by generous impulses and noble arms, and with these incentives, he takes a stride upwards. To-morrow the tempter comes, and he weakly yields to his fatal spell. But this has been the lot of all, we will not be disheartened,

"Nor deem the irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

It is not only awarded to man to reach the zenith of earthly greatness and honor, but he may gain a victory more precious than all the world renowned conquests, famed in song and story, and a crown just beyond heavens portals, that rewards victory over self.

East Saginaw Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—An exhibit of the powers of the Audiphone was given at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, Ont., on Saturday, August 14th ult., but it did not work successfully, although somewhat aiding the partially deaf to hear Prof. Crouter, of the Pennsylvania Institution, said its introduction there had resulted only in giving son assistance to the partially deaf, by those who are wholly deaf would still have to depend upon the old method of instruction.—Hamilton, Ontario Times.

We regret to learn that Mrs. El. C. Blood, of Grand Rapids, has been very ill since July 4th. She is now at Hasting, Mich. About a week ago word reached here saying that she is improving.

The President of the Michigan Deaf-Mute Alumni Association was organized at Detroit, July 5th prox., has appointed an Executive Committee of five, as follows: John N. Lowry, of South Saginaw, Del.

A. Simpson, of St. Louis, Mo., Ed. Van Damme, of Detroit, John L. Buchanan, of Flint, and Collins C. Colby, of Flint.

Mr. Delos A. Simpson, of St. Louis, Mo., is in this city visiting his old friends, he will remain in this city for a few days. JOHN BROOKS. EAST SAGINAW, Aug. 24, 1880.

Notings from Detroit.

Hot days.
Cool nights.
Fall is near.

All the talk is about politics.
Prof. Delos A. Simpson was smiling on his old mute friends in the city on Tuesday, August 10th. His health is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ranspach returned home from a days visit to Mr. M. H. Kerr and lady, of Jackson, Mich., recently. The mute artist is enveloped in glory.

"Friend Joe" and "College Boy," Ed. V., attended the services in different churches five times, one Sunday last month. Oh! good boys; they are great church goers.

Mr. Hamilton, a mute farmer of Fenton, Mich., was visiting his mute friends in this city the other day. He is looking tip-top, and is a half-witted gentleman.

W. A. Thayer is working on the railroad as a digger. He makes good wages.

Geo. Grummond, a semi-mute, says he is to be married to a wealthy lady on the 20th of October, this year. It is believed that he is a false "reporter."

Messrs. Jos. Kolhoff and Ed. Van Damme trod the British soil up to the residence of Mr. Connelly, and enjoyed a pleasant chat with Miss Connelly. She is a very handsome mute lady.

Mr. Ed. L. Van Every is speaking a great deal of politics, and is a hard hearted Democrat. How can a Deaf-Mute Hancock and English Campaign club, of Detroit, be organized? Will we have it is the question.

Two mutes, named Messrs. White and Park, of Ohio, were in Detroit on the 4th of July, but were not present at the Michigan Picnic, on Groose Isle, on the 6th.

John Grimm put on his high priced silk hat, and Prince Albert coat, and boarded the steamer "Alaska," for Put-in-Bay Isle, a few days ago. He seemed to enjoy himself to his heart's content.

Geo. Martin, of Wyandotte, Mich., made a short visit to the mutes here on the 15th inst. He says: Detroit has more pretty lasses to the square inch than any town in Wayne County.

An article in the JOURNAL of the 12th inst., written by "Newcomer," said: "Doesn't 'Bay,' of Detroit, feel like saying 'I'm lonely without thee, so far from me.'" Well, "Newcomer," wants to hurry up in smelling up the "Lady of Lyons" grand cake. O, a good hint!

There are fifty deaf-mutes living in Detroit and vicinity.

Messrs. Kolhoff, VanDamme and VanEvery, took a ride in an excursion boat for Wyandotte, Mich., one day last week. On arriving there they met Mr. Geo. Morton on the dock. After dinner they hired a small boat, and rowed down to the rough waters of Lake Erie, three miles distant. They are talking of organizing a deaf-mute boat club in Detroit.

On the 10th inst., a meeting of deaf-mutes, was held at the residence of John Grimm. The following officers of the Michigan Picnic were elected for the ensuing year: General Manager, Jos. Kolhoff; Secretary, Geo. D. Hunter; Treasurer, Mr. W. A. Ranspach. The second

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 2, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The National Convention.

The National Convention has come and gone. It proved a success in every way, and has been the means of establishing on a permanent basis a national association of the deaf and dumb, which, as years give place to years, will gain in strength and be able to work a power of good to our class. The next Convention will be held in New York in 1883.

In the meeting which has just been held, many obstacles had to be overcome which will not be thrown in the way of the second Convention.

The papers which were read, were interesting to all, and although some opposition was manifested to the ideas contained in one of them, it served only to bring out a fine expression of opinion, without exciting any enmity among those present. The Local Committee had done everything possible for the comfort of those who attended the Convention, and deserve great credit for the successful and agreeable manner in which they accomplished their task. The meeting was an orderly one, and was entirely devoid of that disturbing element which generally forms a prominent feature in all meetings in which a great number of people take part.

Taken altogether, the First National Convention of Deaf-Mutes was one of which we may all be proud, not only for the immediate good which it has wrought, but for the bright and auspicious omen which it foretells for future meetings of the National Association.

FIRE.

One of the young ladies who stopped at the Gibson House, while in Cincinnati to attend the National Convention, was pretty well frightened on the evening of the 26th. She had retired to her room and lit the gas, which, being in close proximity with a mosquito awning over the bed, set it on fire. The flames devoured the awning in a few seconds, and then began on the bed and carpet. The young lady, in the meantime, rushed from her room shrieking and fell into the arms of our vivacious correspondent, "Mignon." The hotel fire brigade, which consisted of the negro porters assisted by some of the guests, flooded the room with water in a few minutes, and extinguished the flames. "Lester Montrose" and ourself were rushing to the rescue, when we were met by the Salamanders above referred to, who informed us that the devouring element had been subdued. A glance into the room revealed only the framework of the awning, a ruined bed, and a pretty badly damaged carpet. Fortunately, nothing more serious resulted from the fire, and the young lady who formed the centre piece of the little drama, may be thankful for her narrow escape.

C. L. Williams.

[The following letter will explain itself. The report of the shooting of Mr. Williams, which was published in the JOURNAL some time ago, was clipped from an outside newspaper.—Ed.]

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Aug. 24, 1880.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please, sir, allow me space in your widely circulated JOURNAL to make the following facts known.

Lately I received a letter from Mr. C. L. Williams, and am happy to contradict the report of his death. He was not shot, neither was he wounded, but is alive and doing well. The report was made out of whole cloth by that Delavan gang to injure him. I can assure the readers of the JOURNAL that it was a cruel and most contemptible hoax.

Green Bay Globe, Whitewater Register and Milwaukee Weekly Sentinel, please copy.

A. L. WILLIAMS.

NOTICES.

The Rev. Job Turner expects to hold services at Baltimore, Md., Sunday, August 22d; Parkersburg, W. Va., Sunday, August 29th; probably Clarksburg, W. Va., Wednesday, September 1st, and New York, Sunday, September 5th. After which he will be present at the meeting of the New England Gallandet Association, which is to meet in Boston, Monday, September 6th. After its adjournment, he will hold services again in various places in New England and Canada till the middle of October, as the way may providentially open. Then he will go south for the Winter and Spring.

On Sunday, September 5th, at 12 o'clock noon, in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes Street, Boston, Mass., the service of Holy Communion will be interpreted for deaf-mutes, (God willing) by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, who also expects to conduct a sign-service and preach in the same Church, at 5:30 p.m., of the same day. Any deaf-mutes will be welcome.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, August, 1st, August, 22d, August, 29th, September, 26th, October, 3d, October 24th, October 31st, November 28th, December 5th, December 26th.

Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Catholic deaf-mutes of both sexes, living in this city, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Greenpoint, Jersey City and Hoboken, will do well to call at St. Francis Xavier's College Hall, West 16th street, between 5th and 6th Avenues, Sunday, September 5th, at 2 o'clock p.m., or as soon thereafter as possible. Come one, come all, and welcome.

Sunday School for Catholic deaf-mutes will be held in the large all of St. Francis Xavier's College, West 16th Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. It will be open every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, for the benefit of Catholic deaf-mutes.

The monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, St. Andrews' Church, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg, will be suspended during August and September.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Athletic Sports will be given at Nantasket Beach Wednesday, September 8th. The afternoon will be devoted to all the open air field sports. There will be a five mile walking match, square heel and toe, for the 'Championship Cup' of the World, a five mile "go as you please," etc., open to all comers. Suitable prizes will be given. The following names are among the entries: A. W. Gerry, C. Llowey, Duran, E. W. Frisbee, Hargrave, Martin, of Salem, and others.

Nesbit, Miss, Aug. 5, 1880.—While holding a protracted meeting at Dean's Chapel, five miles west of Nesbit Station, a deaf and dumb girl, sixteen years old, came to the mourner's bench and seemed very greatly concerned. After struggling for some time she arose, and cried out: "Thank God! my soul is happy." This she spoke in an audible and distinct tone—this being the only time she was ever known to speak. There were twenty-five or thirty witnesses present.—Herald Press.

We are pained to learn the death of Miss Nannie E. Pierce. She was a former pupil of the Mississippi Institution, and left school last Spring. She died of consumption in Nehola Co., on the fifteenth day of last July. She called her parents and relatives to sit around by her bed. She said, "I am happy to go to sweet Home in Heaven," and you must all meet me in Heaven. She prayed to God for all of us, just before she died and smiled sweetly. All the mutes should be repent and become good Christians before they die. Miss Pierce joined the Baptist Church in Jackson two years ago.

The Minnesota Institution opens September 8th.

Alex. Dezendort walked one mile in 7 minutes and 8 seconds, lately.

John McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, has been out of employment since last June.

Catawissa has a deaf-mute who owns a confectionery and fruit store.

Joseph Clemens, formerly night-watchman of the New York School, was in New York City last week.

John McLaughlin, of Brooklyn, would like to know the address of his old classmate, Fred (if in).

Mr. Chauncey N. Brainerd, steward of the New York Institution, has returned from his vacation.

J. F. Lang, who has been employed in a shoe-factory at Tarrytown, N. Y., since last spring, has lost his place.

Miss Prudence Lewis, Matron at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, New York, is visiting in town.—Oxford Times.

Mr. W. D. Palmer would like to know of the whereabouts of Mr. Ira McManners (deaf-mute) a cooper by trade.

Mr. Harris, an aged deaf-mute, is at the Grant House, Catskill, N. Y., where he will remain until September.

Prof. F. D. Clarke will have charge of the educational department of the New York School until Dr. Peet returns from Europe.

Mr. Samuel White and his wife, of Lafayette, Ill., were visiting W. D. Palmer, of Galesburg, Ill., at the time of the Soldiers Re-union.

Prof. H. D. Reaves has returned from the country, and is now at his home, and ready to resume his duties at the New York Institution.

"Gentle Minnehaha" is now spending her vacation with her old classmate, Myra Barrager, in Delaware Co., N. Y., and is having a lovely time.

John F. Partington, of Brooklyn, is to be married to Miss Lizzie Fuldhusen, of Baltimore this month. He will start for Baltimore on the 11th inst. We wish him success.

Henry Stevenson and sister, of Philadelphia, Pa., visited the New York Institution August 28th. They were greatly disappointed in not being able to see Mr. Hodgson, who was at the Convention at the time.

Anthony Capelli, of the JOURNAL office, will take a trip up the Hudson on September 4th. He intends to visit his old chum Charley Edmonston, of Moodna, Orange Co., and will probably remain there a week or so.

Maurice Koehlin, aged sixteen, an inmate of a school for the deaf and dumb, has recently passed a successful examination for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, at Lyons, France. He is stone deaf, and cannot articulate a single word.

Capt. J. J. Sarsfield, who is a member of the Long Branch Life-Saving Guard, has saved several lives and performed several other daring feats, among which is the killing of three sharks and swimming a distance of five miles in the surf.

Prof. Weeks, of Hartford, visited the JOURNAL office August 27th, on his way to Boston. It was the first time he had been at the New York Institution in fifteen years. He expects to be at the New England Gallandet Association Convention.

H. C. Rider has gone to Cincinnati, Ohio, to attend the National Deaf-Mute Convention. This is the first national gathering of mutes, and it is expected that the meeting will be largely attended and a very important one.—Mexico Independent.

Lewis Morris has not received any entries for the go-as-you-please contest, that was to have taken place at the Harlem River Park. He would like to hear from some of the famous mute pedestrians, as Messrs. Gerry and Frisbee, of Boston, and Dezendort and Lounsbury, of Brooklyn.

There is an intelligent deaf-mute gentleman residing at Tompkins Cove, who is the happy possessor of a large and well stocked farm. He has a hearing wife who can converse in the deaf-mute language fluently, and a grown up daughter. It is said that he once attended the New York Institution, but, as his name is unknown, we cannot give it at present, but will next time.

To-morrow Prof. Chas. M. Grow and wife, of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, will have been married twenty-five years. It was the intention of the Professor and his wife to celebrate their silver wedding at that time, but owing to a large number of their friends being absent from the city at present, they have postponed the pleasurable affair until the evening of the 8th of September.—Frederick, Md., Daily Times, August 23d.

Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, who is a deaf-mute lady, in company with her sister, Eliza Swart, paid a visit to her deaf-mute friend, Garrett Vanderburgh, of Cohoes, N. Y., on the 27th of last July, and had a very pleasant time during the stay of two days. They attended the deaf-mute picnic at Crescent, N. Y., on the 28th of July, and enjoyed themselves very much. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gallandet paid them a visit while they were at Mr. Vanderburgh's residence.

Last Wednesday, Mr. Alden F. Osgood received a delightful visit from Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, of Boston. In the afternoon he took them in his carriage to see the many curiosities of Ridge Hill Farm in Wellesley. The Farm contains many beautiful grottoes, museums, towers, flower-gardens, and a zoological garden on a small scale. The Farms will be open to the public every Wednesday and Saturday till November 1st, and is worth while visiting. They then visited the Hunnewell Gardens, which contains many magnificent plants and flowers from all parts of the world, after which they started for home, evidently well pleased with what they saw.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, August 25th, 1880. The deaf-mutes of America are holding here to-day their first Convention. There is a fair attendance of leading deaf-mutes from all parts of the United States and from Canada. The proceedings are carried on by signs. The following prominent officers have been chosen: President, Robert McGregor, of Cincinnati; First Vice President, H. C. Rider, of New York; Second Vice President, R. Atwood, of Massachusetts; Third Vice President, D. W. George, Illinois; Corresponding Secretary, E. A. Hodgson, New York; Recording Secretary, George T. Dougherty, Missouri; Treasurer, R. B. Lawrence, Louisiana. Short addresses were made by Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York; Edmund Booth, of Mr. Holmes, of Massachusetts, and others. The session will continue two days longer.—New York Herald.

The two Skillin brothers have gone to Portland, Me., to visit their relatives.

James Burns has obtained employment at book-binding in Williamsburgh. His wages are small.

Joseph Lawlor, of East Albany, N. Y., will probably return to school at the New York Institution soon.

Mrs. Robert Beers, of Bridgeport, Conn., and her little son Oliver, stopped at New Haven for a day on the 13th ult.

Miss Belle C. Flagg is spending her vacation in Lowell, Mass., till September 4th, as the guest of her friend, Ida Marshall.

W. D. Edwards mysteriously disappeared from St. Louis on the 22nd inst., and has not been seen nor heard of since.

The majority of the female servants of the household department, of the New York Institution, went on an excursion last week.

The child of Prof. Lloyd, of the New York Institution, died on Saturday, August 21st, and was buried on the following Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Ellis, of White Hall, Mich., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hatch this week. She has not seen them for fourteen years.

William C. Harder, (mute), still lives with his parents, and often helps W. W. Swartz, and takes pleasure in talking with mutes. He lives at Catawissa, Pa.

Will Miss N. E. L., of Stamford, Conn., be kind to let some of her friends know if she will be at the Convention in Boston. If so, please answer in the JOURNAL.

Miss Sadie C. Howard, of New York, is now stopping at the Rural Home House of Herman Cole, South Cairo, N. Y. A. L. Thomas called on her a few days ago.

Mr. Marshall B. Gray, of Cynthiana, Ky., was at the National Convention. His friends were very glad to see him. He is thinking of going into the cattle buying business.

Mr. W. D. Palmer, of Galesburg, Ill., would like to get a position in any institution as the foreman of the boot and shoe department. He has been working at shoemaking for 33 years.

E. W. Frisbee will walk J. O'Neil, of Lowell, a five mile match, allowing him half a mile start, Tuesday evening, September 7th in Boston. All are cordially welcome to witness the race.

"Dull Frog," of Malden, Mass., has had a "lazy time" of it since the 1st of July, but next month he will have to get out of his bed to be in time to return to the National Deaf-Mute College.

Will Mr. Edward Gibson say whether he remembers his schoolmate, Nathaniel J. Ellis, or not, through the JOURNAL. Mr. Ellis is still living. His address is Catawissa, Columbia Co., Pa.

Prof. S. M. Freeman, of Cave Spring, Ga., please accept the best wishes of Mr. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., for your health and long life. He would be pleased to hear from you through the JOURNAL.

Dunbar Jace, of Mass., a deaf-mute, thirty years old, left that town for Moosehead Lake, on the fifth day of January last, for the purpose of gunning and trapping, and has not been heard from since.

Miss Lizzie M. Sargent, with a young Gallant from the "Hub," has gone to the hills of N. H. for a rest, and for pleasure during her vacation. We wish for them lots of happy hours, and a safe return to her home.

Misses G. Gates and Lottie Lyon, the former of whom is a supervisor, and the latter a sewing matron at the New York Institution, passed their vacation at the Maston House, Catskill, N. Y., where "wonders never cease."

M. J. Smith failed to accomplish the five miles in forty-four minutes, at the mutes picnic at St. Louis, on the 2d of August, and walked only two miles which were done in fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds, and then got played out.

Mrs. J. H. Brown and Miss Mary Harrigan, both deaf-mute ladies of Amsterdam, N. Y., paid their friend, Miss Jane Ann Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., a visit on the 21st inst., and had a very pleasant time during their stay of two days.

Wanted, by a young mute man, board and room in a respectable mute family; location, vicinity of up-town or Harlem.
Address:
Alex., 265 Water street, New York.

A colored camp meeting was held at Rupert this summer for ten days; it was well attended. A colored gentleman, by the name of Sam Enty, from Shamokoh, Pa., came to attend the camp, and had the pleasure of meeting his schoolmate from Catawissa. He looked well, and was well dressed. He was educated at the Philadelphia Institution.

Adolphus Hinkinson, formerly of Glen Cove, L. I., had a vacation of twenty days. He visited Peekskill, N. Y., Babylon, L. I., Long Branch and several other places in the State of New Jersey. His enjoyments were such as surf bathing, fishing, sailing, carriage riding, etc. He had a splendid time. He has returned to his business in this city and is doing well.

Terence Faine has a deaf-mute sister who is said to be both comely and industrious. She was educated at the Philadelphia Institution. He is an agent for E. G. Rideout & Co., of New York. He would like to hear from some of his old classmates—that they are doing, etc.—through the JOURNAL. He with his sister will visit two mutes living in Sharpsville, Pa., this week.

Mamie Nuss is on her vacation from school at Philadelphia. She is intelligent looking, and her widowed mother tries to teach her to articulate words with her lips. Jarrad had the pleasure of meeting her, but she could not talk very well, but may improve after a while. Her sister Laura is a little deaf, but can speak very well. Their mother is a good player on the organ, and makes a living by teaching music.

On the 14th of August, at the Burgess Steel and Iron Works, Mr. Joseph N. Lampas, a deaf-mute, met with a most painful accident. A portion of his work consisted in his hauling heated blooms to the rolls on a small iron buggy used for that purpose; and it seems in dumping a bloom at the rolls, the end of the buggy was caught in the machinery, which had the effect of suddenly forcing the iron handle upward, striking Lampas, shattering his lower jaw to pieces, and otherwise injuring him about the face. Drs. Davidson and Bing removed a large portion of the jaw-bone later in the evening, and the patient is now reported as getting along as well as could be expected.

The "Little Giant," of Boston is sick.

J. P. Ijams spent his vacation in Baltimore.

Frank Klingman has been to Pennsylvania.

The Boston census records two hundred deaf mutes.

The Mute Hancock and English Club met last evening at Faber's Hall.

Miss Georgie Loomis is still with Miss Wilson and is gaining in health very rapidly.

John Campbell, of Somerville, Mass., has just become the father of twins—a boy and a girl.

Mrs. E. Denny, of Worcester, has returned home from her pleasant visit in Natick.

There is something important for Mr. G. E. Fischer, at 77 Beach street, Boston, Mass.

Peter W. Edmonston says that he wishes his friend, Mr. W. D. Frey, to pay him a visit.

Miss Annie Robbins, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is spending her vacation in visiting old friends.

Mr. W. H. Krause, of Boston, did not attend the National Convention at Cincinnati, as was expected.

Photographs of the deaf-mute convention at Cincinnati, can be had by sending \$1.25 to the JOURNAL office.

Joseph Lozano is still in St. Louis, following his business, of cravatist, at which he is quite an excellent hand.

Prof. John W. Scott, with his wife, expect to start to St. Louis, Mo., on a visit on the 7th of September.

E. P. Holmes, of Nebraska, while on his way to Cincinnati, preached to the deaf-mutes at Christ Church, in St. Louis.

Miss Mary Fullman, who has been spending a vacation with Mr. and Mrs. George E. H. Bristol, returned to Rome, N. Y., to-day.

Miss Ella Groom, a deaf-mute aged eighteen years, is a book-keeper in the office of the *Sunny South*. She was educated at Talladega, Ala.

Mrs. John Hall, of Whitehall, and Mrs. Jane E. Williams, of New York, were on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bristol, and left for home last Saturday.

Prof. C. H. Talbot, Principal of the Mississippi Deaf and Dumb Institution, left for Danville, Kentucky, on business last week. He will be absent from there for three weeks.

Isaac A. Blanchard and his betrothed wife started on the 14th inst., to visit the latter's home in the White Mountains, N. H., and are now enjoying the cool breezes there.

Dennis Sullivan attended the Grand Circus at Haverstraw, N. Y., on the evening of August 28th, and expressed himself as being very well pleased with the performance.

A grand levee and fair will be held in Boston next January. It is said that Hogarth, the famous deaf-mute juggler, will give an exhibition, if he can find it convenient to be in Boston at the time.

"Connecticut Lady" and "Geraldine" talk of attending the "N. E. G. A." Convention together. They were schoolmates at Hartford, and will, without doubt, enjoy meeting old friends.

"Geraldine" tells us she has enjoyed a very pleasant visit lately, with "Bertie." Her home is very pleasantly situated, and they had lots of fun, to say nothing of the tumbles in the hay loft, &c.

That was a very flattering item of Mr. Fischer in last week's JOURNAL. It is better that his mind cannot be photographed, for tho' he is smart, it would let out something too much, for he is very glib of tongue.

Miss Maude A. Smith writes: "Please contradict in your next issue, the statement which I appeared in the JOURNAL of the 19th inst., that I had visited Coney Island in company with Mr. R. D. Livingston, as it is untrue."

A friend of Miss E. Lockwood's wishes to contradict the report that was in the JOURNAL some time since in regard to her being engaged to Mr. Geo. Fischer. Writer saw her at a friend's house lately, and she most emphatically denies being engaged to any one.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevers, of Bridgeport, Conn., made Hattie Wilson a visit a short time ago, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much as husband and wife. As this was the first time Miss Wilson had seen them since their marriage, they all had lots of news for each other.

A former teacher of the blind, is desirous of learning the whereabouts of Miss Zonobia Tomis, a blind and deaf lady, who was educated at the Kentucky school. Any information of her whereabouts sent to G. D. Abbott, Lake Village, N. H., will be thankfully received.

Mr. L. W. Sanders and his family returned from Oxford, Miss., and arrived at Jackson last night. They had a pleasant time, and dined with Judge Hill, U. S. Circuit in Oxford last Thursday. Miss Flora Slate and Messrs. Walter B. and Jas. W. Delbridge accompanied him.

Miss Mamie Weyant, a pupil of the New York Institution, is at present visiting her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Woods, of Garnerville, N. Y., with whom she will remain until next Saturday. She is having a splendid time with her old playmates, some of whom she has not seen since she lost her hearing.

A Connecticut correspondent heard that Mr. and Mrs. B. Beers talked about going to Coney Island last week, expecting to stop and see Mrs. Frank Roberts, of Harlem, N. Y., but Mrs. B. was unexpectedly engaged to go away somewhere in Connecticut for a week, so don't know whether Mr. and Mrs. Beers went to C. I. or not.

Henry Fessenden, of Naples, N. Y., says he could not obtain any vacation during the last month, on account of the large amount of work to be done in the Naples Neapolitan Office, where he is employed; but he thinks of going on a short visit this Fall. "Naples Valley Grapes" are ripe, and are shipped to New York and Boston in large quantities.

So Miss Angie Fuller says in her last week's letter that she does not approve of "Mignon," "Geraldine" and others' nonsense in the JOURNAL. To think Miss Fuller, that these are all young ladies. When they are as old as you, they may be as steady and sensible, but as the old saying is, they now think—"a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

En Route for Cincinnati.

The Eastern delegates, consisting of Messrs. Holmes, Harry White, of Boston, and Messrs. Hodgson, Fox, Heyman, and Froehlich left New York for Cincinnati, on the evening of the 21st inst. Messrs. Froehlich and Wilkinson had been chosen delegates to the National Convention by the Manhattan Literary Society. At the new Deaf-Mute Catholic Church, the members, about twenty in all, wishing to be represented by a suitable person, subscribed together, raising the sum of thirty-five dollars in a few moments, and chose Thomas F. Fox as its delegate. This generous and speedy action towards encouraging the first National Convention, will be generally applauded. The whole delegation, with the exception of Mr. Wilkinson—who deferred his departure until the next day—were followed to the depot by a large party of enthusiastic deaf-mutes from St. Ann's Church, who came to see them off and to wish them a safe journey to Cincinnati. The delegation went into the sleeping-car, and having the prospect of a long and tedious journey before them, they determined to make time pass away quickly, which they succeeded in doing to their satisfaction, making everybody in the car laugh, and raising a racket generally. They made the acquaintance of a gentleman who was a classmate at Yale, of Prof. Spencer, a former member of the faculty of the National College.

A lawyer, from Dayton, O., getting interested in the mutes, introduced himself, and politics was the subject of their conversation. It was his opinion that Ohio would go Democratic this year, founded upon the view that Garfield cannot command as many votes as President Hayes did, not being so popular; and the fact that there was some opposition to Tilden in the Democratic ranks in 1876, but the new nominee, General Hancock, is popular with all classes of Democrats, is well liked by the Independent voters, and is not hated by the majority of the Republicans. It should be stated here that this lawyer was Mr. Houck, the same man who opposed the nomination of Tilden in '76.

The colored porter of the sleeping car—called the Mayflower—whose name we learned was A. Brancroft, was so astonished at the unaccountable conduct of the members of the party, that at first he did not know what to make of them; and when, afterward, he saw three of them, Messrs. Hodgson, Fox and Froehlich, laughing and talking with the people in the car, he was inclined to believe that they could hear as well as talk and were playing some deep game, and expressed his belief to one of the hearing gentlemen in confidence.

During the first night, they wooed the god of Morpheus; but the deity would not come to close their aching eyelids, with the exception of those of Mr. Fox, who seemed to be his favorite, and slept soundly, blissfully unconscious of the attempts at hazing made upon him by the rest of the party. Two members in particular, disappointed in getting asleep, were determined that the rest should bear them company in their misery, and spent the night in pulling down sheets and blankets.

They breakfasted at Hornellsville. When the waiter came to serve them, a strange gentleman, who occupied a berth in the same car, saved them the trouble of speaking by addressing a few words about the party to her. This gentlemanly courtesy soon ripened into a pleasant acquaintance on board the cars, for he proved to be none other than Hon. Hamilton Ward, Attorney General of the State of New York.

This leaves us at Meadville, where we have stopped to refresh the inner man. There is Mr. Heyman making a frantic attempt to devour the half of a broiled chicken, Mr. Froehlich's jaws are spreading devastation through an apple pie, Mr. Holmes is wiping his moustache on a soiled napkin, in his usual dignified way, but the napkin is false to its duty and only makes bad worse. Mr. Fox is suspiciously eyeing a plate of hash, wondering if it is worse or better than "College Hash." He tastes it, and immediately his face says as plainly as words can, "It is better, by 'jingo.' And—here goes the bell, and we are off."

A MEMBER OF THE DELEGATION.

[The above arrived too late for our last issue, and believing it will interest our readers, we publish it now.—Ed.]

Smith's Reply to "Eddie's Friend."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was under the impression that I had been sufficiently clear in my explanation of why I had withdrawn my challenge for that five mile contest with Eddie Frisbee, to satisfy the mind of any unprejudiced or fair-minded person that the withdrawal was not of choice, but necessity. As it seems, however, from the article in the JOURNAL of August 12th, signed "Eddie's Friend," that at least one of your readers, either from ignorance of the circumstances or an inclination to do me injustice, sees fit to question my integrity. I deem it only right that I should ask the favor of a small portion of your valuable space to explain the matter in a way which will, I trust, leave no room for ignorance and no excuse for prejudice. My position here, which supplies me with daily bread, is one that requires my constant and undivided attention during the day and frequently far into

the night. A life of

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

[Specially reported for the Journal.]

The first delegations to arrive in Cincinnati were those of Boston and New York, who registered themselves at the Gibson House. A few more arrived in the course of the day, but before midnight the halls and corridors of the Gibson House were crowded with new arrivals. The weather was excessively warm, making our stay anything but pleasant. But the interest and importance of the occasion compensated us for whatever discomfort we suffered.

On the evening of the 24th, the National Committee met in the parlor to perfect arrangements for the opening of the Convention the next day. The members of the Committee were as follows: R. P. McGregor, E. L. Chapin, E. A. Hodgson, S. A. Freeman and Harry White. The first thing done was to elect Prof. McGregor, Chairman, and Harry White, Secretary. A programme for the next day was decided upon.

By permission of the Committee, all of the delegates that happened to be on hand, were present at this meeting. Among them were Geo. A. Holmes, representing the Boston Society; Prof. Atwood, representing the mutes of Beverly and Salem; T. F. Fox, for whom the new deaf-mute Catholic Church of New York raised the sum of thirty-five dollars in a few minutes; T. F. Dougherty, St. Louis; and many others too numerous to mention.

On the 25th, the Hall of the Bellevue House, elegantly decorated with the National emblems, presented an animated scene from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., occasioned by the gathering of the dwellers of the silent world in Convention. Among the audience not a word from their lips rent the air, yet everywhere was the liveliest interest displayed in the mute language of hands and eyes—a language which may appear amusing and meaningless to an ordinary observer, but which is really as rich in expression and beauty to those well versed in it as the English language itself.

Mr. McGregor called the meeting to order in a few appropriate words, after which Rev. A. W. Mann, a missionary among deaf-mutes, and a deaf-mute himself, invoked divine blessing upon the proceedings about to begin. Upon its conclusion a temporary organization was effected by the selection of Mr. Edmund Booth, of Iowa, as Chairman, and Mr. D. W. George, of Chicago, as Secretary. Mr. Booth is a venerable gentleman of seventy years, and is editor of the *Anamosa Bureku*.

Mr. Booth, upon being escorted to the platform, made some eloquent remarks. Among other things he said: "Fellow Graduates:—You are now assembled in Convention, the first National Convention of Deaf-Mutes in the world's history. Your presence here is an attestation of the value of education, and this is further shown by the general intelligence manifested in your faces and flying fingers."

"Time was, hardly a hundred years ago, when to instruct deaf-mutes was considered an impossibility. Abbe de l'Epée was the first in France to make a trial successful, and Sicard, who, on Epée's death, took his place. Thomas H. Gallaudet learned the system and introduced it in America in 1817. When I entered the school under Gallaudet fifty-two years ago, that and the schools in New York and Philadelphia comprised all of the kind in America. The number of graduates was but few, and now they reach into the thousands, scattered all over the whole country. But for these schools what would you be? The idea is frightful to contemplate. Here you are, full of life and enjoyment, performing your part in the world's doings and sharing in its blessings. Let us conduct wisely and well, make this present meeting one that will give us pleasure to remember through years as the first of its kind."

The Chairman then proceeded to elect the following gentlemen on the Committee on Permanent Organization: Messrs. Atwood, of Massachusetts; Hodgson, of New York; Powell, of Ohio; Selah Wait, of Illinois; and Johnson, of Alabama. E. A. Hodgson was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Powell, Secretary.

The Committee on Rules, next chosen, consisted of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Rider, of New York; Freeman, of Georgia; Dougherty, of Missouri; Pratt, of Ohio; Chapin, of Washington; Gallagher, of Illinois; Vail, of Indiana, and White, of Mass. H. C. Rider was chosen Chairman of the Committee, and Harry White, Secretary.

While these committees were engaged in another room, Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, upon invitation, delivered an address, of which the following is a synopsis.

He said he feared among so many deaf-mutes he would appear a poor sign-maker, but he would try in his poor way to express a few thoughts. He was very glad to be with them at this—their first National Convention. The most of their faces were unfamiliar to him, for though he had passed some thirteen years of his life in the West, his acquaintance with deaf-mutes had been mostly in the East. He was glad now to meet many from the West and South whom he had never had the pleasure of seeing before, and hoped his meeting

them now would be the beginning of real friendships. Not being deaf and dumb he was not eligible as a member of their convention, but he had come with a desire to see them all, and would gladly be of service to them as an interpreter, or otherwise, if they should desire. In the evening, at 8 o'clock, in St. Paul's Church, he and Rev. Mr. Mann proposed to conduct a sign service, and to-morrow morning, at 7 o'clock to celebrate the Holy Communion in the same church for the benefit of such as might desire it. He also expected to remain over Sunday, when at 3 P. M., in St. John's Church, he would conduct a sign service, and preach. He would be very glad to see them at these services. He counselled them to harmony and decorum in their deliberations, and hoped that benefit to the deaf-mute community might result. Again expressing pleasure in this opportunity of meeting old friends, and making new ones, he would withdraw, and make room for others from whom they would perhaps rather hear than from himself.

Short addresses were also made by Messrs. Holmes, of Massachusetts, Read, editor of the *Mutes' Advocate*, and several others.

THE ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The Committee on Permanent Organization then presented a ticket of candidates for office. Prof. Patterson being selected as candidate for Corresponding Secretary, said that it would be impossible for him to serve, and moved that E. A. Hodgson be selected in his stead. Mr. S. J. Vail expressed an unwillingness to act as Recording Secretary, and on motion of Prof. Greener, G. T. Dougherty, of St. Louis, was put on the ticket as a candidate for that office. The officers elected are as follows:—

R. P. MCGREGOR, President.
H. C. RIDER, 1st Vice-President.
R. H. ATWOOD, 2d Vice-President.
D. W. GEORGE, 3d Vice-President.
S. M. FREEMAN, 4th Vice-President.
E. A. HODGSON, Corresponding Sec'y.
G. T. DOUGHERTY, Recording Secretary.
R. B. LAWRENCE, Treasurer.

President McGregor was escorted to the chair, and addressed the Convention on the importance of the gathering, and after the transaction of some minor business the Convention adjourned.

REV. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Conducted a service for the benefit of the mutes in St. John's Church, that evening, and delivered a very interesting address, which is as follows:—About thirty years ago, the heart of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, a son of the Hartford founder, was deeply stirred by his ministrations at the bedside and grave of a young deaf and dumb lady who was greatly comforted in her last sickness by those ministrations. This resulted in his founding St. Ann's Church, in New York City, where for more than twenty-five years services have been regularly held in the sign language, and whose clergy extended relief and comfort to very many mutes in sickness, sorrow, poverty and distress of various sorts. Dr. Gallaudet and his assistants have assisted a great many mutes to find employment, and have endeavored to benefit them in all possible ways. About eight years since, for the establishment and maintenance of such ministry in other cities, a new Society, styled the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," was incorporated. Of this the Rector of St. Ann's Church is General Manager, and its business meetings are held at St. Ann's; but it is an entirely independent body, seeking to do elsewhere what St. Ann's does in New York. That it has a field for work you will see when I tell you there are more than twenty-five thousand deaf-mutes in the United States. Many of these receive little or no religious culture after leaving school, unless it is through the efforts of such an organization as this. The book of Common Prayer is especially valuable to them, because it enables them to join intelligently in an ordinary service in one of our churches, though they hear nothing. Our service is especially well adapted for their religious culture, because it suits before them in visible form so much that is suggestive. Then, as signs are for them the most natural channel for the communication of thought, it is greatly to be desired that they may have these services of the Church rendered as frequently as may be in their own sign language. Such, briefly stated, is the Society's field of work, and reason for working. We are probably reaching by our present appliances some three thousand mutes, and indirectly very many more—three hundred or four hundred communicants. The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and I, having headquarters in New York, have charge of the service there, and supply also at other points. One deaf-mute Deacon resides in Philadelphia, where he has charge of a flourishing congregation of mutes. Another travels in the South, and a third, the Rev. A. W. Mann, who is with us here, travels in the West. Three other clergymen render service less regularly. Intelligent and earnest lay readers, by our recommendation and under our direction, are doing good work at different points. Such is our work. Permit me to ask for it your sympathy, your contributions, and especially your prayers.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND DAY'S SESSION.

The second day's proceedings of the first National Convention of American Deaf-Mutes opened at 10 A. M. at the Bellevue House. The close of yesterday's session left the Convention organized, and ready to proceed to the consideration of business.

At a few minutes past ten President McGregor opened the session, introducing Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, of New York, who invoked the Divine assistance for the assembly.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted. The Chairman then proceeded to make known a plan which had been proposed to have the members of the Convention photographed.

Mr. H. C. Rider, of New York, Chairman of the Committee on Rules, reported that the committee recommended the rules of the United States House of Representatives for the government of the deliberations of the convention, and the recommendation was accepted.

Mr. Fox, of New York, moved that the expenses of the Convention be paid by voluntary contributions.—His motion was vigorously opposed, however, by several others who were in favor of a regular membership fee. When put to a vote, the motion failed.

Mr. Dougherty, of St. Louis, then offered a motion that the membership fee be fixed at \$1 for each convention. This was demurred to by the gallant members of the sterner sex, who desired that the fee of ladies be fixed at half that of the gentlemen, which was finally agreed to by the whole convention.

Mr. Lawrence offered a resolution that an invitation be extended to the Mayor and other officials of Cincinnati to sit on the platform the next day, which was passed. Messrs. Booth, of Iowa; Johnson, of Alabama; and Emery, of Illinois; were appointed, a committee to notify the Mayor of the invitation.

Mr. Dougherty, of St. Louis, moved that the President be empowered to form a National Executive Committee by the appointment of a delegate from each State represented on the committee.

Messrs. Fox and Hodgson agreed with Mr. Dougherty that each State should have executive voice.

This motion was opposed by Prof. Selah Wait, of Illinois, and Prof. Atwood, of Beverly, on the ground that such a large committee would be cumbersome and was wholly unnecessary, the Board of Officers being competent to do the work of such a committee, in their opinion. A recess was taken, and the motion laid on the table in the meanwhile.

The Convention reassembled at 2 o'clock. Mr. Dougherty's motion in reference to a National Executive Committee, after an exciting debate, was rejected. Mr. George's amendment, making the convention an assembly of a National Executive Committee with the power to select the place and time of the next one, shared the same fate. Mr. Dougherty's motion was, however, resurrected, put to vote, and passed.

Mr. Hodgson, of New York, read a paper before the Convention on "Industrial Education," as taught in institutions for the deaf and dumb. He clearly pointed out the faults of the system of teaching trades in institutions, and suggested remedies for them. Among the trades taught to the deaf and dumb are shoemaking, cabinet-making, tailoring, printing, and in some institutions farming, but owing to a lamentable deficiency in the choice of men selected to teach those trades, they very rarely become masters of their trades, and are compelled to learn them over again in the outer world, or, as in too many instances, they learn other trades. Mr. Hodgson suggested as a remedy that the pupils be examined often as once in every three months in their knowledge and proficiency in their trades. At the close, the address was applauded as a sign of the unanimous acquiescence of the audience in his opinions. Prof. Read, of Illinois, who, it must be remembered, is editor of the *Deaf-Mute Advocate*, printed in the Illinois Institution at the State's expense for the purpose of teaching the pupils the trade of printing, commented favorably upon the views of Mr. Hodgson. He could affirm from his personal experience that there was a lamentable lack of interest and competition of skill manifested among the pupils, which would be remedied by a competitive examination.

A paper on "The Value of Encouragement and Commendation," to the pupils in whatever undertaking they are engaged in, written by Mr. Rider, of New York, was next read.

The Convention adjourned till 10 o'clock the next day. Just previous to adjournment, Mr. Hoggarth, for the amusement of the Convention, gave an exhibition of juggling, of which he had gained a knowledge from his theatrical pursuits. After adjournment, the whole Convention was photographed in a group by Redington.

THIRD DAY'S SESSION.—READING OF PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.—ADJOURNMENT UNTIL 1883 IN NEW YORK.

The third day's meeting was opened with prayer by Rev. Job Turner. The minutes of the day before were read and accepted.

The President read a letter inviting the members to visit the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Accepted with a vote of thanks to the Association for their courtesy.

According to the vote passed the day before, the President gave a list of the Executive Committee, as follows:—

Edmund Booth, of Iowa.
R. H. Atwood (Massachusetts), representing Arkansas.
G. A. Holmes, of Massachusetts.
H. C. Rider, of New York.
S. M. Freeman, of Georgia.

A. D. Hays, of West Virginia.
G. T. Dougherty, of Missouri.
G. T. Schofield, of Kentucky.
P. A. Emery, of Illinois.
C. H. Angle, of Kansas.
John McGill, of Maryland.
R. B. Lawrence, of Louisiana.
E. P. Holmes, of Nebraska.
O. Roberts, of Alabama.
L. A. Houghton, of Tennessee.
S. J. Vail, of Indiana.
W. E. Guss, of Pennsylvania.
C. W. Caraway, of Mississippi.
P. S. Engelhardt, of Wisconsin.
M. Kerr, of Michigan.
Job Turner, of Virginia.
P. P. Pratt, of Ohio.
Ed. C. Chapin (W. Va.) District of Columbia.

Prof. Atwood represents Arkansas according to the wish of the mutes in that State, expressed in a letter to the Convention.

D. W. George, of Chicago, read a paper on "Missionary Work among the Deaf and Dumb," in which he criticized the work of the Episcopal Church.

While congratulating the successful advance of religious enthusiasm among deaf-mutes, he regretted the evident leaning towards denominationalism which characterizes it.

This he considered the disturbing element in the deaf-mute religious world. He discountenanced the idea of having one sect claim superior rights to others to promulgate their religious doctrines, and advocated the formation of a mission that should be non-sectarian in all respects.

In the organization of this mission, the Board of Trustees should be composed one-half of deaf-mutes and one-half of speaking persons, with a general manager in charge.

This paper provoked a long discussion. Prof. McGregor took exception to Mr. George's remarks, in an able manner that elicited frequent bursts of applause. He claimed and demanded the right of every sect and of any denomination whatever to preach their doctrines in their own way and according to their convictions of the right. His address was a masterful effort and carried conviction with it, so that when the speaker took his seat he was applauded and congratulated from all sides. Messrs. Holmes, of Boston, and Booth, of Iowa, took part in the discussion.

A motion was made and carried to lay the subject upon the table, on account of the excitement and strong personal feeling that it excited. Prof. Emery, of Illinois, presented a paper having for its title "Love of Labor," giving at the beginning the proposition that the love of labor leads to profit and pleasure, while the dislike leads to contrary results. From this he deduced that labor was not a course forced upon man by the wrath of the Almighty for the fall of our first parents.

Going on he proved that in order to labor successfully, a love of occupation is necessary. The paper gave an account of his own experience as a youth and a young man, describing his struggles with adverse fortunes and final success, stating that he was prompted in giving the account simply from a desire to assist the struggling young mutes of to-day. The paper closed with an appeal to those present to look kindly to manual labor and do cheerfully whatever happens to be demanded from them. Throw grumbling and discontent aside as an element of failure, and unfit for a man to name or harbor. Applause greeted the close of the reading of this paper.

Mr. Lars M. Larson began to read a paper entitled "How deaf-mutes regard religion," but as a motion to lay all religious discussion on the table had just been passed, he was ruled out of order. Mr. Caraway's motion to appoint a Committee to draw up a petition to Congress in favor of the establishment of a college for deaf-mute ladies was tabled, as it was considered too early for the subject, and it was unwise to do too much at the first time. There is no doubt but that the subject will be revived at some time or another.

The Executive Committee having held a meeting, reported the time for the next National Convention the year 1883, the time of the World's Fair, and the place, New York City. The report was accepted, and the convention adjourned.

"COLUMBUS."

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

Mrs. J. M. Park returned from her visit to Michigan last Friday, where she had been since the middle of June last. She reports having had a good time. She came home much sooner than expected. The climate up there, she says, has been very cool this year, more so than for many years previous; a heavy frost occurring in the middle of August, and for the most part, fires were necessary to keep comfortable.

Robert King, after a second thought concluded that it was better to dig "black diamonds" than to bale hay, and accordingly left for the coal mines in the Hocking regions, last Tuesday morning.

During the present vacation, twenty-one mutes have found steady employment in the State bindery. Heretofore, those who depended upon work there when school was not in session, were generally dismissed about the first of August. Most of them earn good wages, getting from one to two dollars and twenty-five cents per day. Some of the mute ladies who work by the piece, earn from \$45 to \$55 per month.

Messrs. Patterson, Pratt, Greener and Miss Nestler left the city Tuesday morning, bound for the Convention.

There were half a dozen others who desired to go along, but circumstances over which they had no control unfortunately nipped their expected pleasures in the bud. We started for the Convention on Tuesday, and took the route leading through the burgh from which "We, Us & Co." sends forth his spicy letters to the JOURNAL. We were not favorably impressed with the place, from the observations gleaned at the depot. We can't imagine how "We, Us & Co." manage to live; for at the depot, we tried our best to satisfy the cravings of the inner man with a sandwich, but none was visible not even "We, Us & Co.," upon whom we desired to feast.

At Middletown, a Rev. gentleman got upon the train, and in a conversation with him he told us that he had taken great interest in the mutes many years ago when he lived in Germany. After wishing us to understand that he was editor of a "Great Moral Engine," Superintendent, etc., of several other concerns, he asked us, "Did you never try to learn to hear by the motion of the lips?" We hardly knew what to answer him so greatly were we astonished at his rare intelligence. After a little, we told him we had never thought of such a thing, but that we did once attempt to understand the mysteries of lip-reading.

At Hamilton, we met Henry Boo, a former pupil of the Ohio Institution, who told us he had been employed in the depot baggage room since last Spring.

We reached the city of smoke and pork a little after three o'clock, and made at once for the Gibson House, where we were met by a number of the delegates from New York and other States, not a few of whom were some of our old acquaintances. Here we will rest for the present.

COLUMBUS.

CIN. 8-27-80.

Correspondence for Angie Fuller.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We clearly understand that your duty as senior of a virtuous press occasionally causes you to light on some contributions at a high rate of speed, and we are disposed to believe that Miss Fuller's article got in in that way. Well, never mind it right here, as it won't hurt anybody. We hope that you will scan this contribution carefully, and see fit to publish it for the benefit of one who is evidently bent on taking charge of the physical training of some college student for a husband. First let us inform Angie we are ardent lovers of base ball, and play it at dead heat every time we get the chance; moreover, being minus a gymnasium at college, we have taken daily exercise on "beanpoles," parallel bars, etc., for the last four years, and this day, are more vigorous and healthy than those students who have taken girlish exercise. So, Angie, if you want one of these "delicates" for a mate, pitch in, it is leap year, but remember he will not have enough muscle to carry you across the stream on high flood day. Get one by all means, the number is alarmingly large at the college just now, and all that is because we have no gymnasium. We don't deny Angie's ability to write an article on "the physical culture of females," for we all know, so did Moses, that running, jumping, etc., was not for ladies to indulge in. For boys, it is another thing. Now, Angie, you know cooks are generally robust and strong, because they take hard exercises at washing and ironing, etc., well, I will follow "Mignon's" style of quoting poetry, and borrow some of my own verses.

He softly kissed his delicate wife;
Then with a lingering look
Of fond affections, straightway went
And kissed her robust cook.

Angie must be poorly read in ancient history, for who don't know that the Greeks made gymnastics a part of their education, and did the world ever hear of people who lived to such a nice old age; or was a mother prouder of sons with more perfect forms than they? Again I will ask Angie to take a close companion between a country and city man, we know the city man generally breaks down first, while the farmer is entertaining the country youngsters at a ripe old age, and all that because he took hard exercise during a lifetime digging post holes, running after his neighbor's hogs, and jumping down off hay stacks at a minute's notice, when the baby was under the horses feet, or his wife fainted picking up chips, because she was an up town lady and did not take enough exercise before marriage. All this, and more too, I have to say, as I see Angie is astray on a swimming pool as bad as she is on "Gymnastology." We are patrons twice a week at the Washington swimming pool (a pool of which ours will be a model), and need we add we find the water clearer, more refreshing than that in the Potomac? There is no up stream attached by nature to the pool to carry down the washerwomen's suds, or the slaughter house's excreta.

Angie speaks of the influence the young ladies would exert on us barbarous students, if a female college were started near by. There are enough ladies in Washington to exert a refined influence on "we uns." Now, while we believe all that to be true, we must confess we would dearly love to have the girls and the gymnasium here, but we are disposed to think that if the female college was built, the boys would get enough bodily exercise climbing on the roofs, running through alleys, jumping out of windows and digging underground passages to see their sweethearts without a gymnasium. As to your

frogs, toads and amphibious creatures, we cherish the hope they will remain in Illinois, for they may know St. Patrick is not through college yet.

WASHINGTON, Aug 28, '80.

"Mignonettes."

In looking over the last issue of the JOURNAL, we came across ever so much of what a girl should and should not be. Just as though we were chiefest sinners of all. Well, we might say a great many things neither wise nor best about those angelic men, if we thought it would do any good, but this will suffice.

"She was a maiden, sweet and fair,
With sky-blue eyes and golden hair;
But the tempter came in human form
And won her heart with subtle charm;
She thought him noble, kind and true,
And blindly loved, as women do,
But with the dawn of a new born day
She awoke to find her idol clay."

We, in company with our cousins and our friends, set out August 17th, for a trip to "Horseshoe Falls, Ohio River, Indiana Shore." Arriving in due time we alighted, and proceeded to take in one of the wildest (seemed like we were in the jungles of Africa), wonders yet seen by us. Having very little forethought (but lots of afterthought) we said "yes," when asked if we would like to go under them. Well, under we went, then out we came and began to make, O, the steep ascent. When half way up, "Mignon's" guide missed his footing and they both went down, down over rugged rocks and thorny briars. The rest of the party expected to find us dead, but they didn't. We did not receive anything but a few bruises and a most terrible fright. Hardly think we could be persuaded to do "the falls" again, no matter if it be old Niagara "free of charge."

And so "L. M." and "A." called on you, did they, eh! "Geraldine wondrous fair," well, of course you did not give them "taffy" at once, or they would not think half so much of you. No, indeed, we won't be a bit jealous since their crop of down is invisible, be it known to you that we have a terrible weakness for a killing moustache.

We addressed that Psalm of marriage to "Geraldine," because she said once upon a time that she belonged or intended to join that class who makes green tea suffer. We accept your challenge *ma chere*, and if first you get a husband fine, you'll be gracious and choose me for first bridesmaid, just for consolation, will you not *Birdie*?

Miss Robertson wrote us that her sister sent for her to come to Beech Glen Camp meeting and go home by rail, hence we have nothing extra romantic to relate, excepting and saying that she had a grand ride on the Louisville express—and well, we "darsent." She is mad enough anyway, cause the "after guards" and the "haughty Roman nose" had to be done away with. But then, "such is life."

By the by, we had a pleasant quiet visit among the rustics and made *four mashes*, can you beat that Bella?

We must stop short, as we've nothing more to say. We send lots and lots of love to that wee, winsome maiden of the sea.

MIGNONNE.

August 19, 1880.

Western New York News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The day after the meeting of the officers of the Empire State Association, held in Syracuse, Messrs. Rider, Taber and the writer had the pleasure of seeing General Garfield, who was on a carpeted platform car making a short speech to the crowd collected around him. In the afternoon, Mr. Taber took me to his home in Scipio, N. Y., where, twelve years ago, I once worked on the farm during my school vacation. I noticed several changes about his house and farm. The house is situated on the top of a hill, and commands a delightful view of Lake Ontario and of the opposite banks, dotted with numerous yellow fields interspersed with green woods. The next day, Mr. Taber's family had a little picnic at Ensensore Glen, two and a half miles down the lake. Mrs. Silence Burwell, a sister of Mrs. Taber, Miss Sarah Whalen, and Mr. Martin Minkle and the writer were present. The refreshments were set out on the grass in the woods, there being no boards available. We sat down with legs crossed, after the Turkish fashion, and feasted on chickens, sandwiches and cakes. There was a large crowd of picnickers at the Glen, who were brought at noon from Ithaca and Elmira and other places, by the southern Railroad trains, and there were rollicking, rowing, rambling, music and dancing.

We saw the great carsman, Charles E. Courtney, who was making an exhibition of sculling on the lake. He was heard to say to a friend, "I'll beat Hanlan some day."

Mrs. Whitman, who has been Matron of the Rochester Institution two years, resigned in June last. At the close of the school, she received from the pupils and officers of the Institution a gift of a beautiful bronze clock and statuette, as a recognition of her devotion to the pupils and the prosperity of the Institution. The reason for her resignation was, that she and her husband desired to go back to their old home in Illinois.

Thomas Goodison, baker at the Institution, tells the following story:—Three years ago he was employed on a farm in plowing with three mules hitched together. As he had no watch he had no way of telling when dinner was ready, but had to depend

upon the mules for announcement. When the dinner horn was blown the mules stopped, pricked up their big ears and brayed loudly. Of course Thomas then unhitched the mules and went home to dinner.

This story reminds the writer of a similar one about a mule, owned by a man who lived near New York City. As soon as the 12 o'clock whistle shrieked out the hour of noon, he would stop work, and could not be induced to take another step in harness until the usual hour for rest had passed. What would Mr. Darwin think? School re-opens on Monday, September 6th. Yours Respectfully, S. H. HOWARD. ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 26, '80.

Mississippi News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—This is the first opportunity we have had to write to you concerning the several deaf-mute happenings in and around this part of the country, and we hope you will allow space in your columns for this, which your Southern subscribers will be delighted to read.

On the evening of the 16th of July, in company with our wife and daughters, we started for Oxford, Miss., at which place we arrived early the next morning, taking up our quarters at the McKie House. Soon after our arrival we received calls from Messrs. Walter B., James W. and Charles Delbridge, with whom we had quite an enjoyable chat.

Oxford is a beautiful and healthful town, containing many elegant edifices, among which, the University of Mississippi is conspicuous. It is situated about half a mile from the town and the number of students attending it at present, is estimated at 490.

Our United States Senator, Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, lives in Oxford, and we were informed that he could converse with the double hand alphabet, and took quite an interest in talking with deaf-mutes.

On the afternoon of the day of our arrival, we received an invitation to pay Misses Mattie and Flora Slate a visit, they having sent their coachman to convey us to their home in their carriage. We left in company with Messrs. Walter B. and James W. Delbridge and on our arrival were received very cordially by the Misses Slate and their mother.

Mrs. Slate has a very fine residence and farm, also an orchard, which is well stocked with different kinds of fruit trees. She has a man engaged to look after the workmen on the place, and as Mattie and Flora are both very good and industrious, she is enabled to get along very nicely.

A few days after arriving at the Slate residence, we, in company with the Misses Slate, paid a visit to the home of Messrs. Delbridge, about ten miles distant, and was surprised to see what excellent farmers the Messrs. Delbridge were. They have fine crops of cotton and corn and a large patch of watermelons, the latter of which we ate heartily. Their sister is a deaf-mute, and though never educated at any deaf and dumb school is quite familiar with the alphabet and sign language, and can play the piano well.

Mr. Walter B. Delbridge is well known as a good mute photographer. He has been travelling these past nine years through the various counties and towns, selling his photographs, and has earned a great deal of money. He is now on his way to Milan, Tennessee, and expects to stop at the various counties, to take photographs on his way.

While at the Delbridge residence we had the pleasure of meeting Miss Maggie Foust, a deaf-mute young lady, had come on a visit from her home six miles distant. She has not attended school in two years, but will return to the Institution at Jackson, in October. We were informed that Mr. Myers, one of the rich merchants of Oxford, had a bright little deaf-mute boy, who was to attend school at Jackson in the fall.

It was said there had been a deaf and dumb man begging for some time in the town. How he became deaf was unknown, but it was said he was a good musician, and that he had a smart wife and two children living in Panola Co., Miss.

We were sorry at not being able to attend the Convention this year, but we hope to be present at the next.

The mutes of the South seem to take a great deal of pleasure in reading the JOURNAL, and we think it would be of great benefit to them, if they were all to subscribe for it.

The mutes of Oxford are anxious to have Rev. Job Turner conduct a service there, and we hope that when he calls this way again he will be the guest of the Misses Slate.

We leave Oxford with family, to go to Attala and Leake Co's., on a three weeks visit to some mute friends.

Respectfully

L. W. SAUNDERS.
OXFORD, MISS., August 24, 1880.

Scraps of Humor.

An excellent watering place—the pump.—*Salem Sunbeam*.
Does a lava tory bear any relation to a volcano?—*Stevensville Herald*.

An upholsterer belongs to the self-tick race.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

Seventeen hundred years hence circus clowns will refer to Dr. Tanner as a fast man.—*Modern Argo*.

Every man is to be considered innocent until you can prove him a politician.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

A Marathon man has invented a breath renovator which he calls Love, for it levels all rank.—*Marathon Independent*.

The Picnic at Chestnut Grove.

In the heat of this melting season, it is rather agreeable to picture oneself picnicking at Chestnut Grove, which carries us back to shady nooks in wooded path and dewy dell, where cool winds from the river linger.

This place, where our second picnic came off on the 12th, under the auspices of the "Mutual Relief Society," is situated in an adjacent county on the Delaware River; and they did well in selecting the spot for a day's pleasure, as it gave all the extra advantage of a delightful ride on the river. The handsome steamer, "Twilight," was at our service, the gay troupe of excursionists made their appearance bright and early, and the decks and upper saloons soon became a scene of animation. Greetings were exchanged between friends who had been absent for weeks, and experiences at mountain and seaside were told.

About 103 of Philadelphia's mutes were present, a few coming from the suburbs. Messrs. Grime and Alla-bough, of Norristown, and the Misses Levering, Smith and Tarbit, of Manayunk, were present, the two last named being accompanied by their sisters. All our favorite young ladies and their escorts were present. Perhaps it will not seem out of place if I mention the College students, as every body else do when they have a chance. At our July picnic we had quite a sprinkling of them, but at this one, only a drop from the Freshman class. We have fair hopes of his becoming a brilliant one.

The motion was swift past the banks, bordered with overhanging foliage, and country green with verdure; now and then between a pause in the conversation, we caught a glimpse of fine country residences, including one for our most worthless and unruly citizens, the House of Correction. The Grove was soon reached, thither we scattered in search of fun and adventure, and of both there was little lack. Such beautiful, well-kept grounds as the Lakeside Park, where the C. L. A. held their picnic, are hard to find. Chestnut Grove proved more irregular, with a touch of wildness, and instead of the quiet, shiny lake, there were the busy waters of the Delaware to launch our boats upon.

In fact, two picnics were held at the same time, as a speaking party arrived on the grounds soon after we did. There had been some expression of dislike to this arrangement among the silent people, but their feelings must have changed very soon as the presence of the opposite company did nothing to mar our pleasure, and gave proof to the saying, "The more the merrier." They brought with them a band of music, or, literally speaking, "Merry fiddlers three," and held the floor of the dancing pavilion a good part of the day. A few of us joined in occasionally, but were sorry we did not hire the services of that "College Band." One fellow kept every body laughing by his rollicking manner, during his heel and toe capers. With one hand he led his partner, and in the other held a single eye-glass, which he used with a hundred grimaces and flourishes.

The picture gallery was visited, the swings tried, the mark aimed at in the shooting gallery, with more or less success, and our party was seen feasting around a trophy from the fields—a tempting watermelon. If it was not captured from a "niggah" across lots, I am at a loss to know where it came from.

Luncheon was served in first-class style and abundance.

In the afternoon, a game was started in which the ladies, especially, were required to run as fast as they could in a circle, and while one of them was engaged in this performance she tripped over a loose stone, and gave her arm a rather serious bruise. She bore it with a smiling face though, and some one was noticed to say on finger ends, perhaps by way of consolation, "That's better than a bad marriage." With "one of em college boys" was meant certainly. One feature in the afternoon's programme was the sack and wheelbarrow races, by Messrs. Bruthi, Lee and Sands. They cut the most ridiculous figures, tied up to the neck in huge sacks, and to see them run along as fast as their confined limbs would allow, was the more amusing.

The active Bruthi got far ahead of the others in running the wheelbarrow. Misses Annis and McKinney attempted to reach a certain point blindfolded, but each persisted in going in the opposite direction.

The next event was a violent thunder storm, which came upon us suddenly about four o'clock, and caused all to hasten to the shelter of the pavilion. A party of five, who were having such a nice time, soon found themselves rushing from a rustic table, each holding an ice cream plate. We were glad the rain did not come till the day was well advanced. While it lasted, we made merry in the pavilion, playing the good old game of "Fox and Geese," and wound up with a grand Virginia reel.

The ride homeward in the moonlight, was a most pleasant ending to the day.

A general tone of satisfaction prevails; the affair turned out so well and the orderly appearance all retained throughout the day, gave credit to the young men who acted as Marshalls—Messrs. Slifer, Paul and Roop. S. E. R.

PHILA., Aug. 23, '80.

Truth crushed to earth, however much battered, mused and soiled, is preferable to a clean, neat lie.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

N. E. G. A. CONVENTION.

At the request of many, and by consent of a majority of the Board of Directors of the Association, it has been decided to open the Convention ONE DAY EARLIER THAN AT FIRST PROPOSED, which will be Monday, September 6th; and the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, actuated by a desire to do all they can to promote unity and good feeling among the mutes, intend to have three Religious Union Services, Sunday, September 5th, at which some prominent mutes of New England will address those present, and it is desired that all who propose to attend the Convention will endeavor to be present on Sunday, at their services.

Arrangements have been made with the following named Hotels in Boston, Mass., for the accommodation of the mutes attending the Convention. The United States Hotel, opposite the Boston and Albany R.R. Depot, a first class hotel, \$2.00 per day, when two persons occupy one bed. Two dollars and fifty cents for each person in single rooms. The Adams House, on Washington St., \$2.00 per day. These two hotels are on the American plan, furnishing board and lodging, and the horse cars are constantly passing the doors for all parts of the city. The International Hotel, Washington St., \$1.00 per day for rooms. The Sherman House, Court Square, 50 cents for each person, where two occupy one bed, and seventy-five cents and one dollar for single rooms. These two houses are on the European plan. Good accommodations for ladies can be had at the Young Ladies Christian Association Rooms, a short distance from the Hall, for \$1.00 per day, which includes meals and lodging, and the Superintendent will accommodate all she can.

Rail Roads and Steamboats. The Bangor (Me.) boats will give free return tickets. The Portland boats will require full fare to Boston, (\$1.50) and a return ticket for 50 cts. can be had by applying to the Committee on Railroads and Steamboats at the Convention. So it will be seen that those who want to avail themselves of the reduction, should gather at these points.

The Boston and Providence Railroad will give free return tickets to any point on that road. Apply to the Committee on Railroads for them.

The Eastern, Boston and Maine, and Lowell Railroads decline to enter into any arrangements, and it is suggested by the Committee that mutes wishing to come by these routes, meet at some point and endeavor to get some reduction there.

The Boston and Albany Railroad will sell tickets at Springfield to go to Boston and return, for \$3.90, and from Pittsfield, for \$6. Those coming from Worcester will be obliged to make some arrangements at that point.

New York and New England Railroads will issue free return tickets from Norwich, Hartford, Conn., and other points. The Norwich line from New York to Boston, will sell return tickets for \$4, if a sufficient number, say 25, comes by that route.

Old Colony Railroad will furnish free tickets between Boston and Fall River, if 25 come by that line, and probably to other points.

Any further information can be had by addressing Henry White, 27 Avon Place, Boston Highlands, Mass. (Committee on Hotels and Rail Roads) enclosing a stamp or a postal card for a reply.

The convention will be held in Chandler Hall, Essex street, No. 18, a short distance from Washington street.

Ocean Grove.

Old Ocean gives a broad and kindly welcome to all who come seeking pleasure by its side, and as each summer day drifts by its fascinations ever charm. The vast, deep waters, stretching from end to end, are a bright, beautiful blue. The stormy winds of winter lie "resting on the sea," and cool breezes sweep over the billows, which make a never ending melody as they bound to and fro on the pebbly strand. Daily watching the changing pictures of the sea, the eye is rested and the mind quieted.

Ocean Grove is a delightful place to spend a few weeks, so think the admiring throng of visitors which was never so great than at this season. Our party choose to repeat a trip of ten years ago and again find a resting place at this popular resort; but it is hard to believe the fair city we see, with its fine avenues, shady parks and hundreds of cottages, was but a sand hill when we picked our difficult way through the tangled woods a few years ago. Now all that was unsightly has vanished, and climbing up and down sand banks is a thing of the past.

Its history is told in a few words. A company of ministers desiring a quiet spot to rest now and then from their toil, selected the land on this part of the coast, then very unattractive looking. No thought of gain or profit then accompanied their action, but from the time they commenced work the place grew and flourished as if by magic. Art and time have worked wonders, and Nature combines gracefully. Asbury Park, its near neighbor, also made rapid strides, and they are called the "Twin Cities."

A few minutes after passing Long Branch and several other links in the chain of easy resorts that extend along the north Jersey coast from Squaw Beach to Sandy Hook, the park and grove are reached—a combined station, long, elegant and commodious looking. They are separated

by a fair sheet of water called Wesley Lake, the grove south and the park, a city of magnificent avenues; stylish villas and roomy hotels on the north. Fletcher Lake is on the other side of the Ocean Grove, so the place is charmingly situated between two lakes, which are a source of delightful pleasure. Sail boats, with youthful sailors at the helm, make their swift way towards the sea and back in the breeze. Boating is a popular amusement, and the ladies here make it a practice.

Among the many things one admires at Ocean Grove are its streets and avenues leading to the beach, which are neat, wide and smooth, and the broad walk affording a promenade along the shore from the end of the grove to Asbury, beyond Wesley Lake. At night, when sea and lakes glimmer in the moon's soft rays, and the scene is one of radiant splendor long to be remembered, no wonder this place is the chief attraction.

The whole bank along the lake presents a pleasing appearance, being smoothly covered with grass, below the row of cottages.

A short distance from the Ocean and busy part of the streets, is situated the camp grove, in the heart of which stands a beautiful auditorium. Here all the large meetings are held, and it is the Summer Church of Ocean Grove. On Sundays, where else could such large audiences be found? Coming from near and far, the number swells to thousands.

Bathing and fishing are among the pleasures offered, and to the excellency of the former, too much praise cannot be given. It is always the centre of fun and jollity.

A drive to Long Branch, to have a view of its picturesque villas and landscape gardening, or to Ocean Beach to sport with a crab net on Shark River, are other amusements.

The other day we desired to taste the romance of yachting and joined an afternoon party. We were ready to leave the tame life on land behind us for awhile, and the way the boat danced over the waves as it struck out for the yacht, was a relish. The Captain put straight out to sea, and the shore soon became a dark spot in the shadowy distance. Last and first to the view were the renowned Highlands of Navesink on the south. Sailors bound westward, see these lands the first thing on nearing the coast.

We asked for hook and line, but fishing was not in the season so we gave ourselves up to sky and water, the beauties of which led us to imagine ourselves somewhere in the realms of the "Lotus Eaters," where it is always afternoon. Onward we flew "over the breezy main," till sunset at last found us anchored at home.

B. E. S.

Who took the Orphan.

A few days ago a boy about ten years of age, lame and sickly, who had been living with his mother in rooms in the city, found himself alone in the world. The lad was too ill to ride in the one poor carriage which followed the body to the grave, yet no one thought his condition serious. After the funeral a number of persons gathered in the poverty-stricken room where he lay weeping, to see what deposition could be made of him.

"If he wasn't lame I'd take him into my family," observed one of the men in a tone that seemed to show he blamed the boy for his misfortune.

"Well, it's awful hard," sighed one of the women, "but I know he couldn't get along with my children." "Nor with mine," added a second. "If I should take him, he'd run up a big doctor's bill on me," said a man as he filled his pipe.

Each and every one had some excuse. The boy heard them all without a word, but with quivering chin and eyes full of tears. Under one pretext and another all slipped out, and left him alone promising to have another talk in the morning. Perhaps, that night, before they closed their eyes in sleep, some of them thought of the poor lad lying in the dreary room, alone and almost helpless, but if so none of them went near him. Late in the morning a woman living on the same floor went to see if he might not want a bit to eat, and the question of whom should take care of him was settled. God had taken him. Hugged close to the wall, as if he feared the midnight shadows, and with eyelashes yet wet, he was dead and cold, no longer a burden to any one. The boy, too lame to be taken care of on earth—too feeble to earn the crusts then some one would have given him, had a home better than the best. What they knew that he had died alone, women bent over him and wept. When they lifted his wasted body from the bed, men's consciences smote them for their harsh words, but it was too late. He had gone from earth feeling that there was no mercy in the human heart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.—*Norristown Herald.*

Samson's strength is supposed to have lain in his hair. This, probably, is the reason why boarding houses, which are usually so powerfully strong.—*Kokomo Tribune.*

The chimpanzee who edits the *Sun* is to deliver an agricultural address at Pepin county fair, at Durand, Sept. 3d. People are already crossing the Mississippi, at Reed's landing, in covered wagons, going west.—*Peck's Syn.*

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am so tired."

The dewdrops quivered like imperial diamonds upon broad, green plumes of the cornfield by the wayside; the grass that bent over the footpath was heavy with evening moisture; yet these two wanderers clung together, homeless and alone, in the falling shadows of the night.

"Cheer up, my child; we have not far to go. Come closer; let me brush the dew from your curls. Now take my hand."

But the child hung back, sobbing with weariness and exhaustion; and the pale, young mother, bending over her in a vain attempt to soothe the hysterical excitement, did not hear the rumble of advancing wheels until they passed close to her, and a rough, hearty voice exclaimed:

"What ails the little girl; is she sick?"

Mary Ellsworth had never seen Farmer Raynesford before, yet the moment her eyes rested on the wrinkled, sunburnt face, with the shaggy brows overshadowing his kind eyes, she felt he was a friend, and made answer promptly:

"Not sick, sir, but very tired. We have walked a long way."

"Got much further to go?" asked the farmer, tickling the horse's ear with his whip.

"To Brocton."

"That is four miles off, and the little girl is pretty much used up already."

"I know it," said the woman, with a sigh. "But I have no money to hire a lodging nearer. In Brocton, I hope to obtain work in the factory."

"I won't hear of such a thing," replied he, energetically. "Why, that child can't do twenty rods further. Here, get in long with me. You won't be none the worse for a bit of supper and a good night's rest. I know Hannah'll scold," he muttered, as he lifted the little girl to his side and extended his hand to the mother; "but I can't see folks perishing by the wayside, and never offer to help 'em. I don't care if she scolds the roof off the house."

It was an oddly shaped old farm house, gray with the storms of nearly half a century, with broad door-stone, overhung with giant lilac bushes, and a kitchen where, even in the bloomy month of June, a great fire roared up the wide-throated chimney, and shining rods of pans winked and glistened at every upward leap of the flames. Such a neat kitchen it was!

Mrs. Ellsworth's heart involuntarily warmed at the sight. Mr. Raynesford jumped out of the wagon, threw the lines over a post, and went to conciliate his domestic despot.

"Look here, Hannah, my dear," said he to a tall, angular looking female who emerged from a pantry near by, at the sound of his footsteps, her face nearly quite as sour as the saucer of pickles she was carrying; "set a couple more plates on the table, will you? I've brought home a woman and a little girl that I found a piece below here, e'en a most tired to death. They were calculatin' to walk on to Brocton, but I thought it wouldn't hurt us to keep 'em over night."

"I'm astonished at you, Job Raynesford," said the better half, in a tone of indignant remonstrance. "We might just as well hang out a tavern sign at once, and done with it; you're always bringing home some poor, miserable creature or other, and—"

"There, there, Hannah," interrupted Mr. Raynesford, "I'm always willing to hear you when you are reasonable, but it goes clear again! my grain to see poor folks a sufferin' and never stretch out a helpin' hand. 'Taint Scripture, nor 'taint human natur'."

"Well, go your own gait, Job Raynesford," responded his wife, tartly, "only mark my words, if you don't end your days in the poor house, 'twont be through no fault of yourn."

She shut the pantry door with a bang that made all the jelly cups and milk pans rattle, while Job, with an odd grimace, went out to help his guests to alight.

"Don't mind my old woman," said he, apologetically, as Mrs. Ellsworth sprang to the ground; "she's kind 'o sharp spoken, but she means well, arter all. We aint all alike in our notions, you know."

"If all the world were like you, sir," said the young widow, with tearful eyes, "there would be less wantin' and sufferin' by far." Farmer Raynesford pretended not to hear—he was busy helping little Mary out.

"Send on them blackberries, Hannah," said he towards the close of the evening meal, "the little girl's so tired she can't eat nothin' solid."

"I was calculatin' to keep the blackberries for the donation party to-morrow," said Mrs. Raynesford, rising with rather an unwilling air.

"Nonsense," quoth the farmer, with a broad laugh. "I'm having a donation party of my own to-night. Here, little one, see if the berries don't put some color into your cheeks."

All the evening little Mary sat by the hearth, with her hands in her mother's and her large blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the farmer's face.

"What are you thinking about, dear," asked Mrs. Ellsworth, once.

She drew a long sigh, and whispered, "Oh, mamma, he is so kind to us."

The tops of the far off eastern woods were being turned to gold by that wondrous alchemist—the rising sun—when Mary Ellsworth and her child set out on their long walk to Brocton. Job Raynesford went with

them to the gate, fumbling uneasily in his pocket, and glancing guiltily around to make sure that Hannah was not within seeing distance. When Mary extended her hand to say a grateful good bye, a bank bill was thrust into it.

"Don't say nothin'," muttered Job with a sheepish air. "Ten dollars aint much to me, and if you don't get a chance to work in the factory right away, it may be a great deal of use to you. Needn't thank me, you're as welcome as flowers in May."

"Ten dollars!" ejaculated Mrs. Raynesford, who had witnessed this little episode from behind the curtain of her milk window. "Is Job Raynesford crazy? To give ten dollars to a poor, strolling vagrant! If he don't get a piece of my mind—"

And she hastened out, her cap border fairly standing on end with horror. Job awaited the coming tempest with philosophic coolness, his hands in his pockets, and his lips parted in a good humored smile.

"She means well," he said to himself, when the volley of wrath had been discharged on his luckless head, and Mrs. Raynesford had returned to her butter making, "but she's got the greatest faculty for scoldin' of any woman I ever saw."

The years flitted by, sprinkling the steep old farmhouse with the crystal drops of April showers, and thatching it with the dazzling ermine of January snows, many and many a year. Gray hairs crept in among the raven locks of Farmer Raynesford, careworn wrinkles began to gather around his mouth and brow. Alas! those swift-footed years brought troubles innumerable to the kind old man.

"Twenty years," mused he, one bright June morning, "it don't seem possible, Hannah, that it was twenty years ago this very day, that I caught that ugly fall from the hayrack, and got lamed for life." And he looked down at the crutch at his side. Hannah stood at the door throwing corn to a forlorn colony of chickens. Twenty years had not improved her in any respect; she was gaunter, bonier, and more vinegar-faced than ever.

"Yes," said she, slowly, "and perhaps you don't remember that it was twenty years ago this very day that you threw \$10 away on that woman and her child. I told you that you'd end your days in the poor house, and I don't see but what my prediction is likely to come true. Didn't I say you'd live to repent it?"

"I won't deny, Hannah, but what I've done a good many things I've been sorry for—but that is not one of them. No, I never for a moment repent being kind to the widow and the fatherless."

Hannah shrugged her shoulders, but made no answer. "Didn't you say you were going to see that rich lawyer about that \$5,000 note, to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, but I don't suppose it will be of much use. If he'd wait a little I'd do my best to please him. Jones says he will be sure to sell the old place from over our heads, however; they say he is a hard man. I mean to tell him just how matters stand now."

"I told you how it would be a long time ago," ejaculated Hannah, unable to restrain her vexation. "Whatever possessed you to sign for Jesse Fairweather?"

"I supposed he was an honest man, and wouldn't see an old friend wronged."

"Fiddlestick! That's just your calculation, Job. There, Zeke has brought the wagon; do start off, or you'll be too late for the New York train."

And Job meekly obeyed, only too happy to escape from the endless discord of his wife's railing tongue.

The rays of the moonday sun streamed brightly through the strained glass casements of Mr. Everleigh's superb Gothic library. The room was decorated with every appurtenance of wealth and taste. Velvet chairs with backs of daintily carved rosewood where scattered here and there; marble vases occupied nicer beside the doorway, and the rarest pictures hung on the paneled and gilded walls. But the prettiest object of all—the one which the rich lawyer often raised his eyes from his writing to contemplate with an involuntary smile of pride and affection, was a lovely woman in a white cashmere morning robe, trimmed with white velvet, who stood opposite, arranging flowers in a bouquet. She wore a spray of berries carved of pink Neapolitan coral at her throat, and tiny pendants of the same rare stone in her small shell-like ears, and the slender waist was tied around with a bright pink ribbon.

"There, Walter, isn't that pretty?" she asked, holding up her completed bouquet. "Very pretty," he answered, looking not at the bouquet, but at the blue eyes and golden curls of his beautiful wife.

"You have not even noticed it," she said.

"Because I see something so much better worth looking at," he said playfully.

"Do you really love me so much?" she asked throwing down the flowers and coming around to his side. Oh, Walter, if mamma could only have lived to see how happy we are?" Mrs. Everleigh slipped from her husband's arms, with the prettiest blush in the world, and was very busy with her flowers when the rich lawyer's "right hand man" put his grizzled head into the room.

"The old man wants to see you about that Fairweather business."

"Show him in. Don't look so disappointed love," he said, as the

grizzled head disappeared; "I shall not be detained three minutes, and the horses are at the door."

Mary Everleigh had never troubled her pretty little head about business matters, so she never even looked up at the halting sound of Mr. Raynesford's crutch echoed on the carpet. But the instant he spoke she started as if an arrow had smitten her, and stood with her large eyes dilated, and her slender hands clasped to gether, listening intently to every word. The old man was pleading and sorrowful, her husband polite and inflexible. At length Job Raynesford turned to go.

"Well, sir," he said, in a subdued tone, "I don't know much about law and law books, but it does seem hard that an old man should be turned out of the home that has sheltered him for sixty years, and all for no fault of his own. They say you are a very rich gentleman sir—\$5,000 may seem a sum to you, but it is my all!"

Mrs. Everleigh's soft voice broke momentary silence that succeeded this appeal. "Walter, come here one minute—I want to speak to you."

He obeyed, somewhat surprised; she drew him into a deep recess of the stained glass bay window, and standing there with the rosy and amber shadow playing about her lovely brow like some pictured saint, she told him how, twenty years ago, a wearied child and its mother were fed and sheltered by a kind-hearted stranger; how he had given them money, and kind wishes when they were utterly alone desolate in the wide world.

"But my love, what has all this to with my business matters?"

"Much, Walter! I am that little child!"

"You! my dearest!"

"I, my husband; and the noble man who, I am persuaded, saved my life that night stands yonder, with gray, bowed head and sinking heart."

"Mary, you must surely be mistaken."

"I cannot be mistaken Walter; I should know him among a thousand. You said you loved me this morning—now grant me one little boon!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"Give me that note he spoke of."

Mr. Everleigh silently went a small ebony cabinet, unlocked it and drew out a folded paper, which he placed in her hands. She glided up to the old man, who had been gazing out of the window in a short reverie, and laid her hand on his arm. "Do you remember the little golden-haired Mary, whom you found, with her mother, wearied out on the roadside, twenty years ago?"

"Do I remember her lady? It was but this morning I was recalling the scene."

"And don't you recognize me?" she said smiling up into his face, as she drew back the drooping curls, "I am little Mary!"

He stood in bewildered silence; all the sudden truth seemed to break upon him, and he laid his hand upon her head with a tearful blessing. "And your mother, my child?"

"She has been dead for years; but it is my dearest task to be the instrument of her gratitude. Here is the note you endorsed—my husband has given it to me, see!"

A small spirit-lamp was burning in one of the niches; she held the bit of paper over its flames until it fell a cloud of ashes upon the floor.

"Well?"

Mrs. Raynesford met her husband at the door at the instant his crutches sounded on the little graveled path.

"Why don't you speak? Of course you have nothing but bad news to tell, but I may as well hear it at once. Have you seen the gentleman? what did he say?"

"Hannah," said Job Raynesford, slowly folding up his gloves, "do you remember the ten dollars I gave that poor young wanderer, a score of years ago?"

"Why, of course I do; didn't I remind you of it not twelve hours since?" What has that to do with our troubles, pray?"

"Just this—to day I received payment principal and interest!"

"That little golden-haired child that sat beside our hearthstone that June evening, is Lawyer Everleigh's wife, and I have seen her burn the note that has hung like a millstone around my neck for years. She said it was but discharging a sacred debt of gratitude; but heaven knows I looked for no such reward."

There was a moment's silence. The old man was pondering over the past, and Mrs. Raynesford was so taken by surprise that she really could not speak.

"And now, wife, what have you to say about my financial mistakes?"

Mrs. Raynesford had no argument suited to the emergencies of the case so she very wisely said—nothing!

The bold youth who "stemmed the tide of public opinion," is now stemming tobacco for a segarmaker.—*Kokuk Gate City.*

The State Board of Health last week digested the sanitary ordinances of New York. This beats Tanner's stomach all to fits.—*Puck.*

He was a home-spun youth, whose father first caught him playing truant, and secondly by the slack of his trousers.—*New York News.*

All youths are not fitted for a college education. It is not best to make a one-story brain try to carry a three-story education.—*Whitehall Times.*

An exchange asks: "Can a man live on water?" Why to be sure he can. It is no uncommon thing to see men who live on water.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

AN EVEN THING.

The other day two strangers were troasting their skins on opposite side of a big stove in a ferry wharf saloon, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other as if almost a certain that they had met somewhere before. Finally one necessary to have seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes." "Was he a sailor?" "He was." "Did you hear of him last about ten years ago?"

"Yes, just about ten years ago." "Stranger," continued the first, seeming greatly affected, "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were wrecked together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him! I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother, and though I was driven to it and the law can't touch me, I'm willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

The other wiped a tear from his eye, spat across the stove, and replied:

"Stranger, where is your dad?" "Been dead these twelve years." "Died in Nevada, didn't he?" "Yes, out there somewhere."